

DELL

A MOVIE
CLASSIC

Still 10¢

NO. 1012

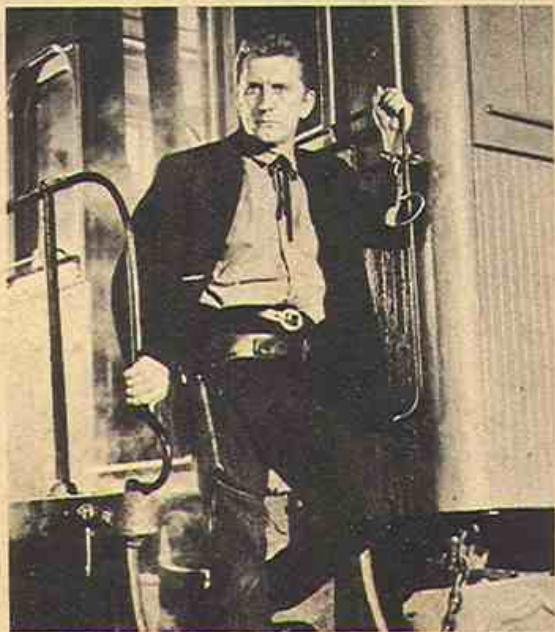
LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL



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A grim search for the killer of his pretty Cherokee wife takes Marshal Matt Morgan to Gun Hill.



Powerful Clay Belden rules the town . . . and Clay knows how to protect a son, even when he's guilty.

To clamp handcuffs on his prisoner, Matt has to face a town's fury, an outlaw's treachery and a father's hate.



At the showdown, a quick draw will decide whether a corpse or a live lawman takes "The Last Train From Gun Hill."

PARAMOUNT
Presents
In VistaVision
Motion Picture High-Fidelity

KIRK DOUGLAS
ANTHONY QUINN

In
Hal Wallis' Production

LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL

Co-starring
CAROLYN JONES **EARL HOLLIMAN**

TECHNICOLOR®

Directed by **John Sturges**
Screenplay by **James Poe**
Story by **Les Crutchfield**
Music by **Dimitri Tiomkin**

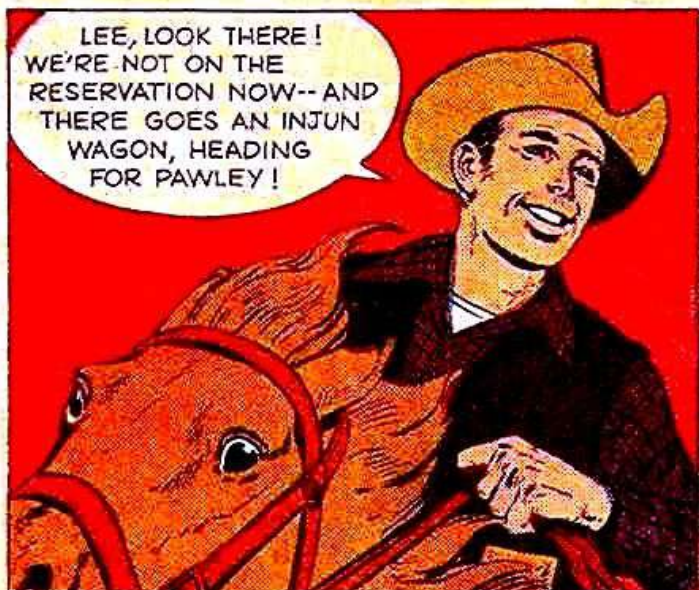
LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL

SNEAKING INJUNS!
AMBUSHING US WITH RIFLES-
AND WARNING US OFF THE
RESERVATION--JUST BE-
CAUSE WE HAD US
SOME FUN ROPING
THAT CHEROKEE
KID!

HE SURE GAVE
YOU A RUN BEFORE
YOU ROPED HIM, RICK!
IF IT HADN'T BEEN
ON THE
RESERVATION--!



LEE, LOOK THERE!
WE'RE NOT ON THE
RESERVATION NOW--AND
THERE GOES AN INJUN
WAGON, HEADING
FOR PAWLEY!



ONLY A SQUAW
AND HER LITTLE WAR-WHOOP!
WHAT DO YOU AIM
TO DO, RICK?



HAVE US SOME
FUN WITH THEM!
WE'LL SPOOK THE
TEAM! COME
ON, LEE!

YEE-
HOO!



BANG!
BANG!

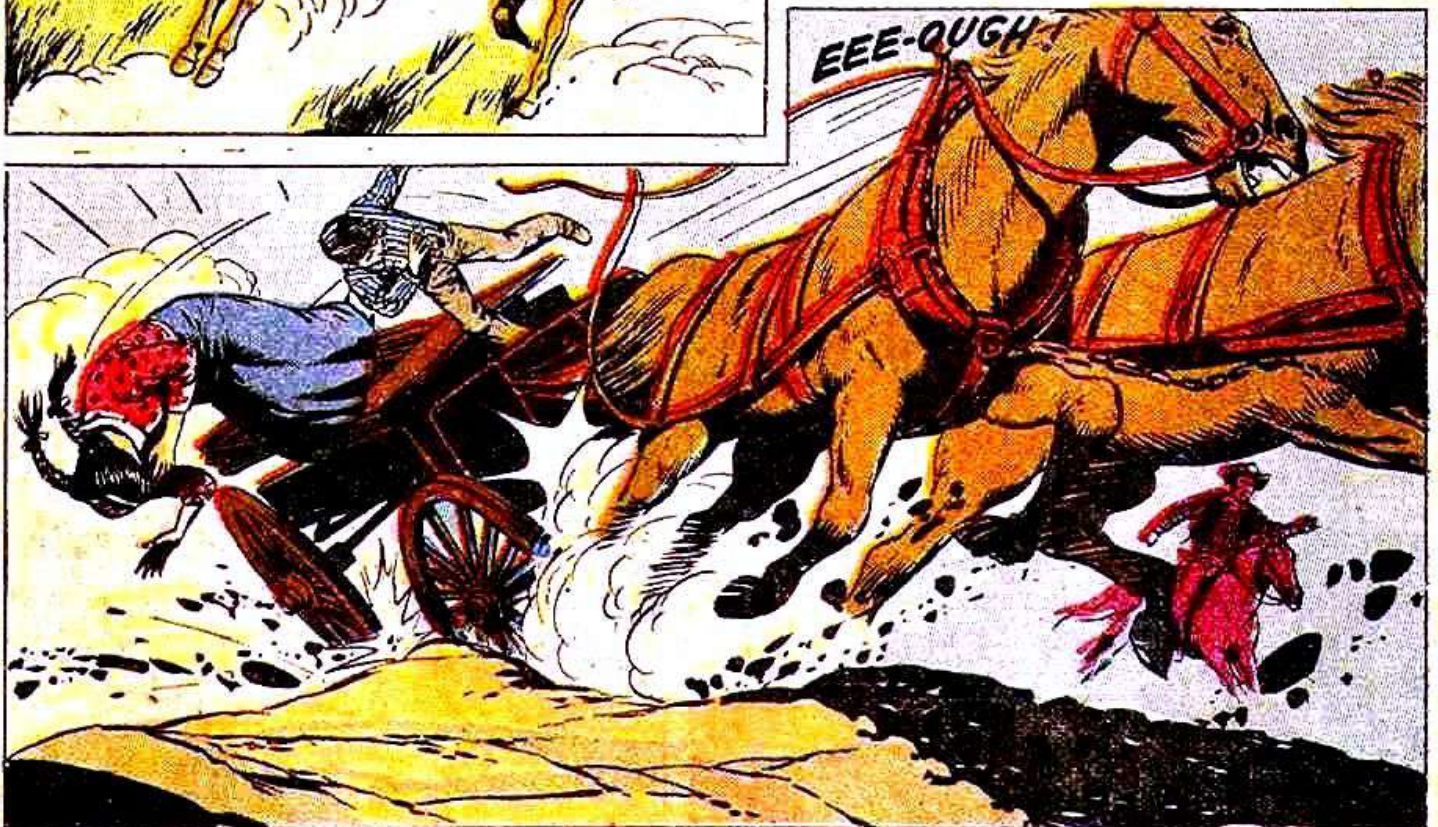
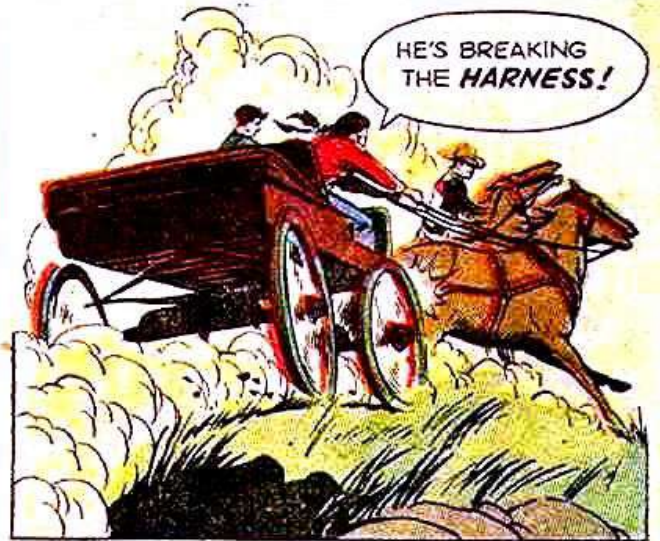
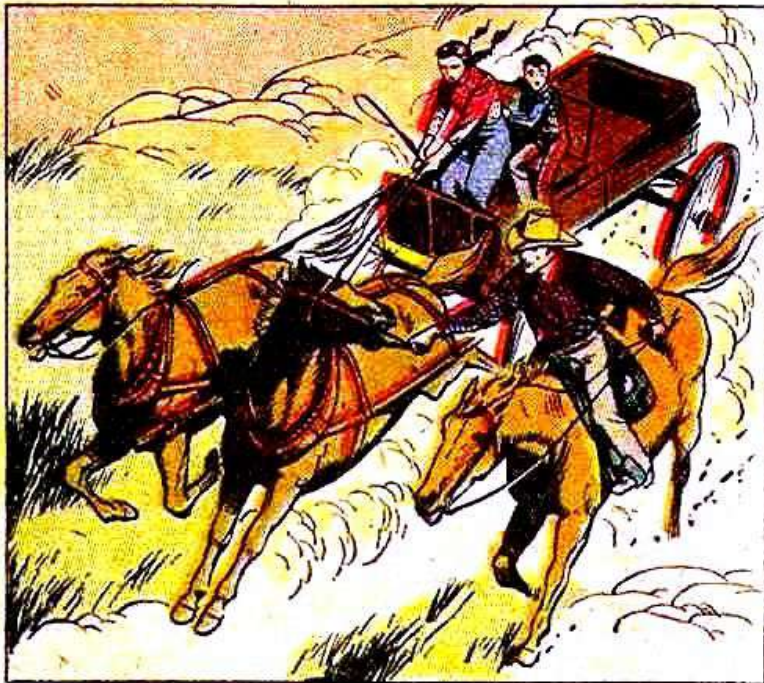
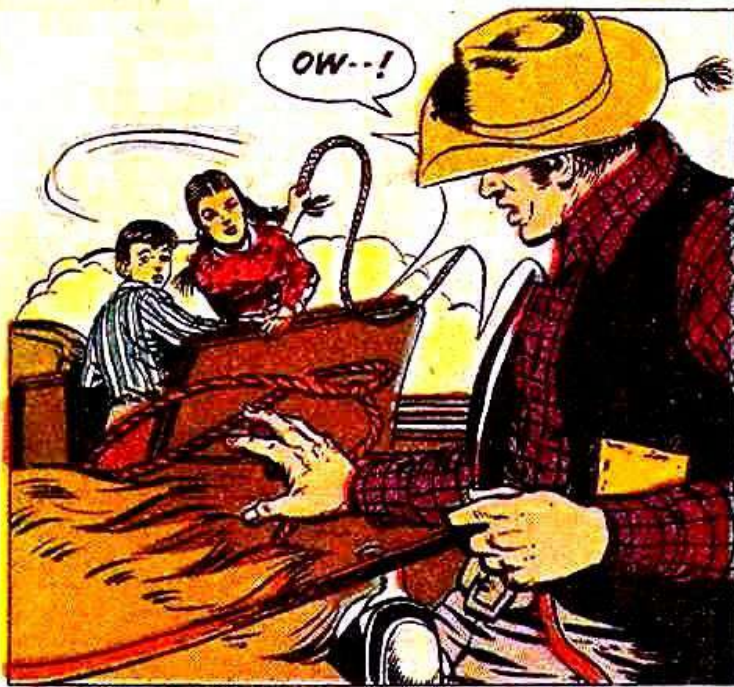
TI-YI-YI!
YEE-HOO!

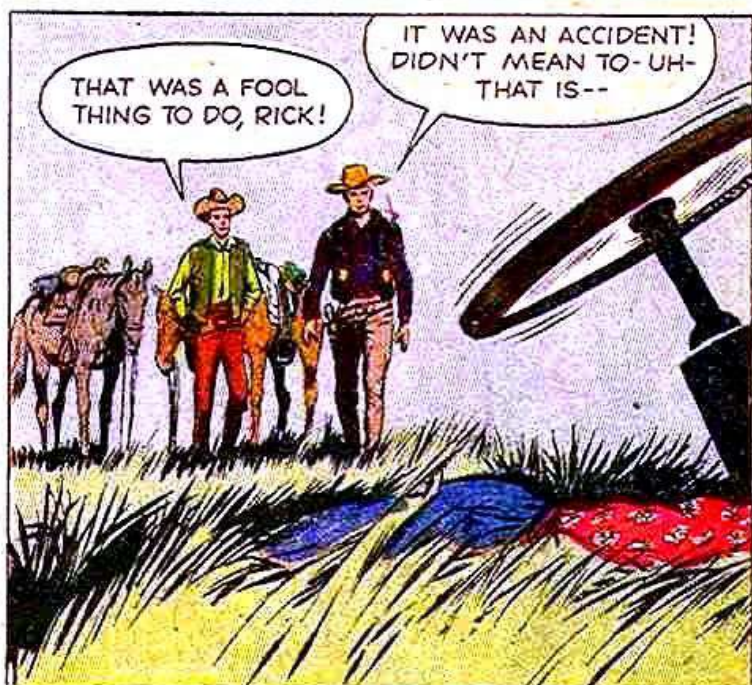
MOTHER! WHAT
DO THEY
WANT?

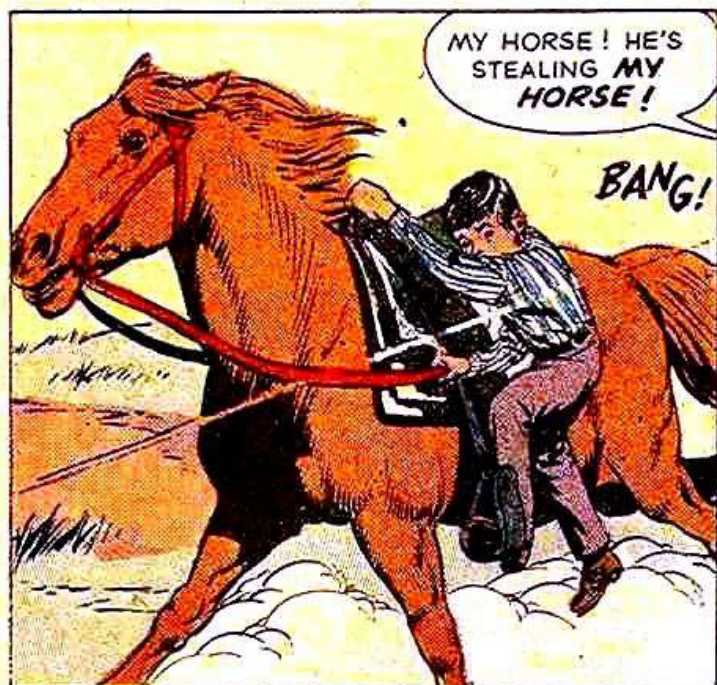


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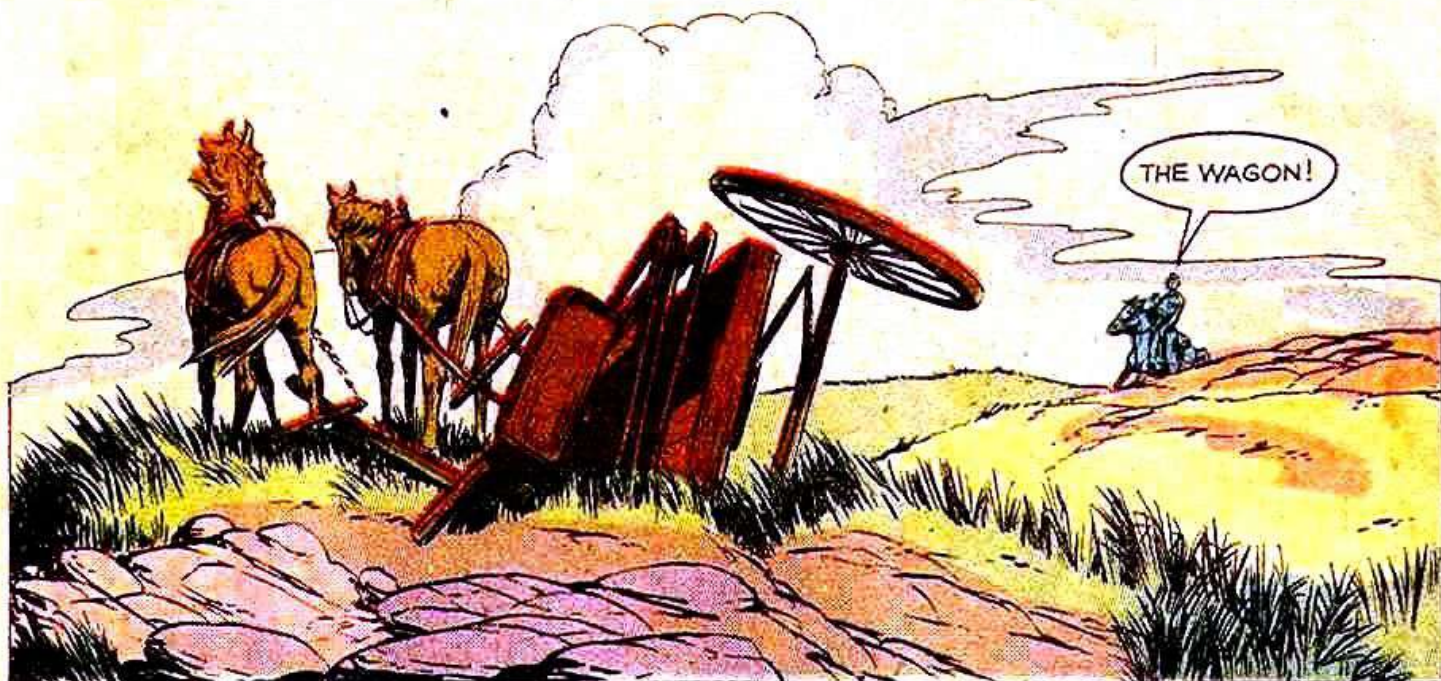
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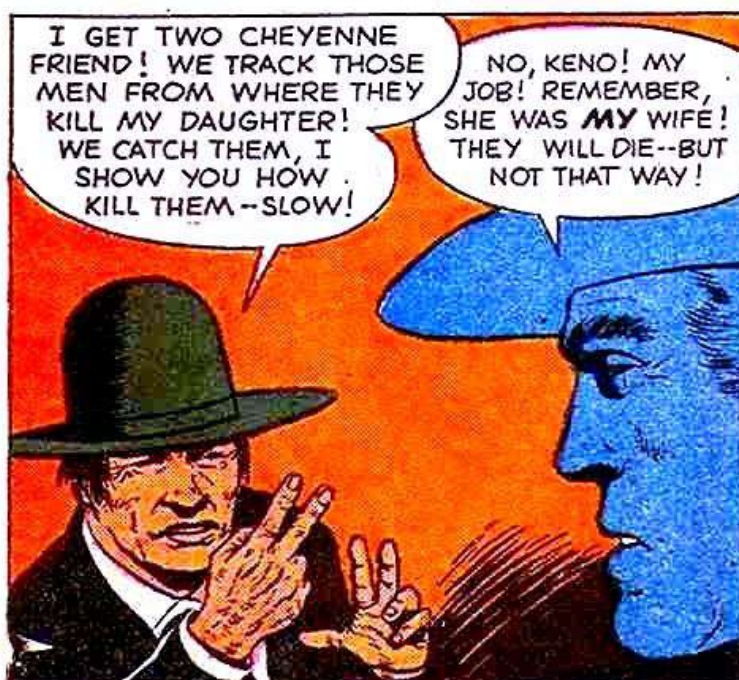
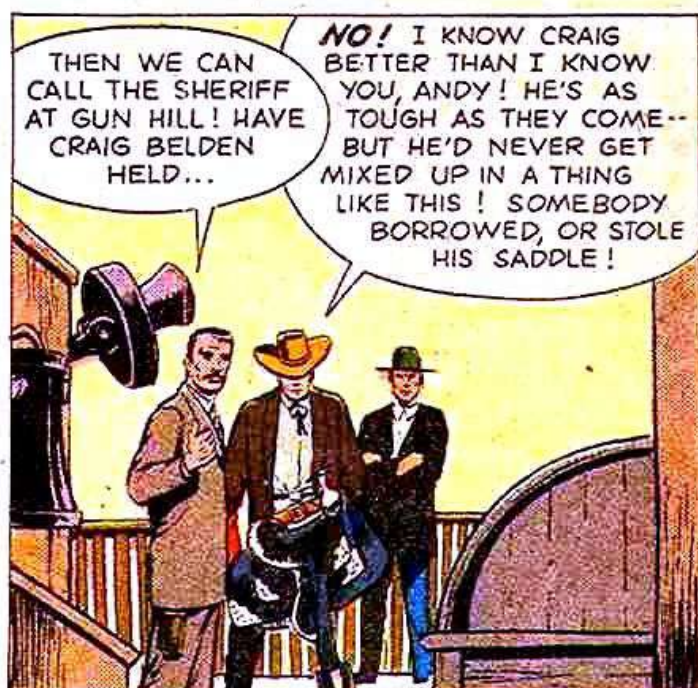
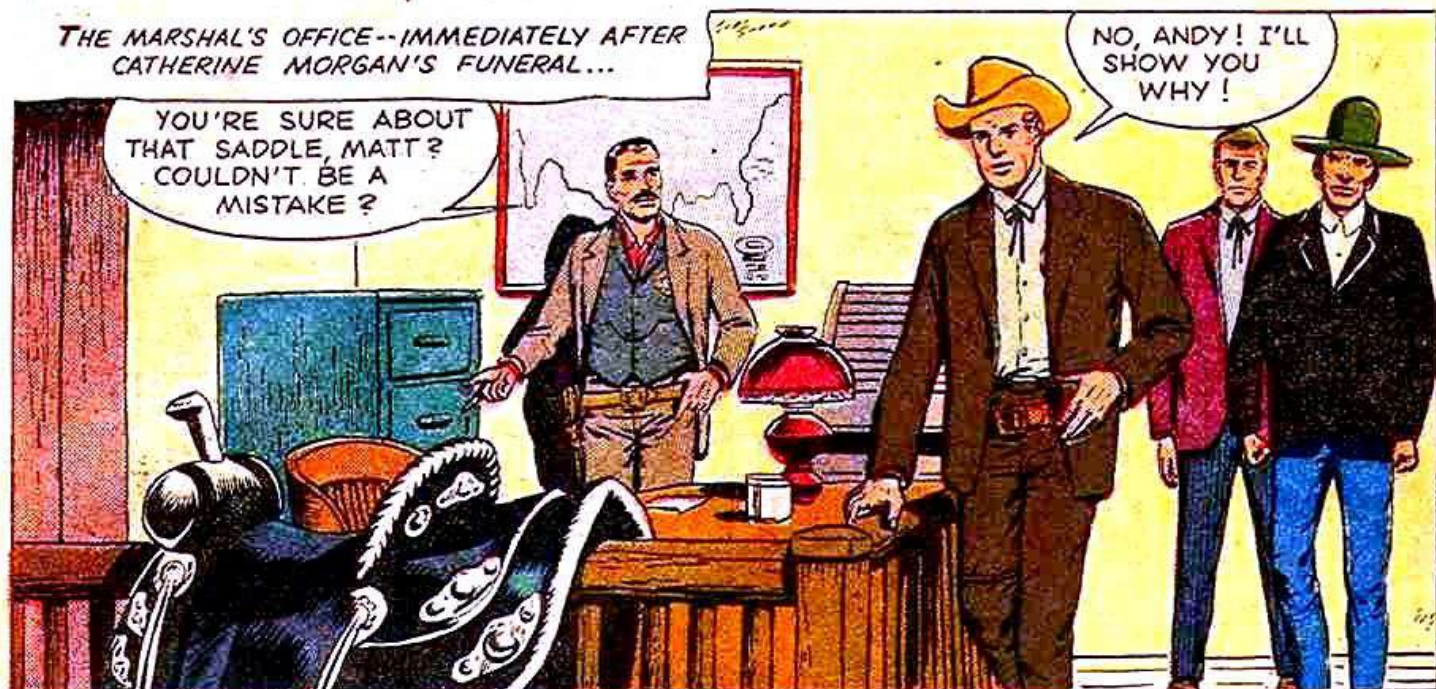








THE MARSHAL'S OFFICE--IMMEDIATELY AFTER
CATHERINE MORGAN'S FUNERAL...





THROUGH A PALE SEA OF MOONLIT OKLAHOMA GRASS, THE BOB-TAILED NIGHT TRAIN FROM PAWLEY FOLLOWS THE SILVER RAILS.

HIS THOUGHTS RANGING THE PAST--MATT MORGAN IS NOT AWARE OF THE SCENERY OR OF THE REEKING, SHADY INTERIOR OF THE SMOKING CAR.



QUITE A SADDLE! MIND IF I SIT NEXT TO IT?



WOULD YOU GIVE ME A LIGHT PLEASE?

UH-WHAT?



THANKS! HOW FAR ARE YOU TRAVELING, MISTER?

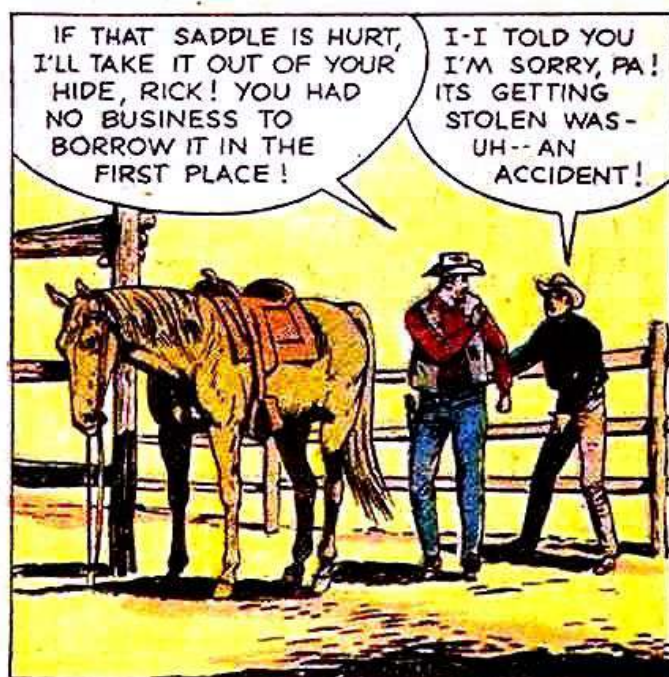
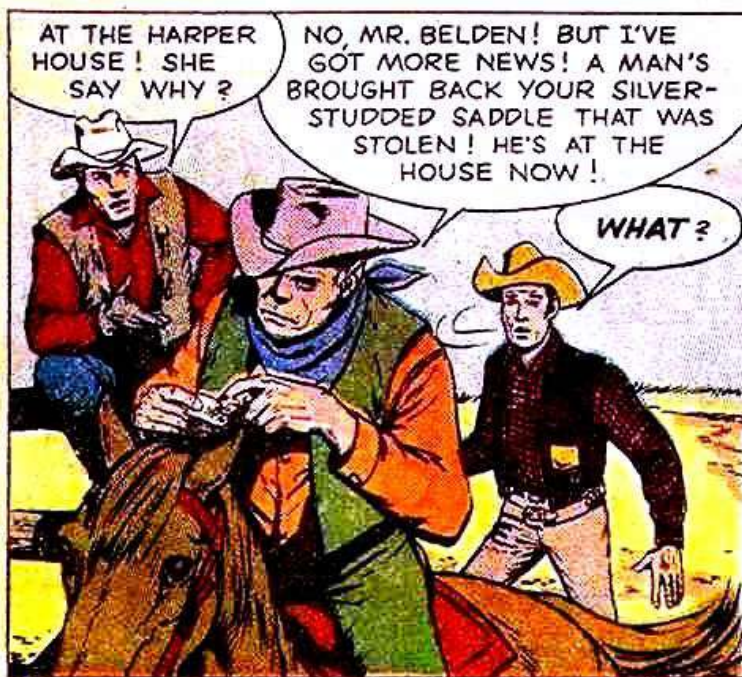
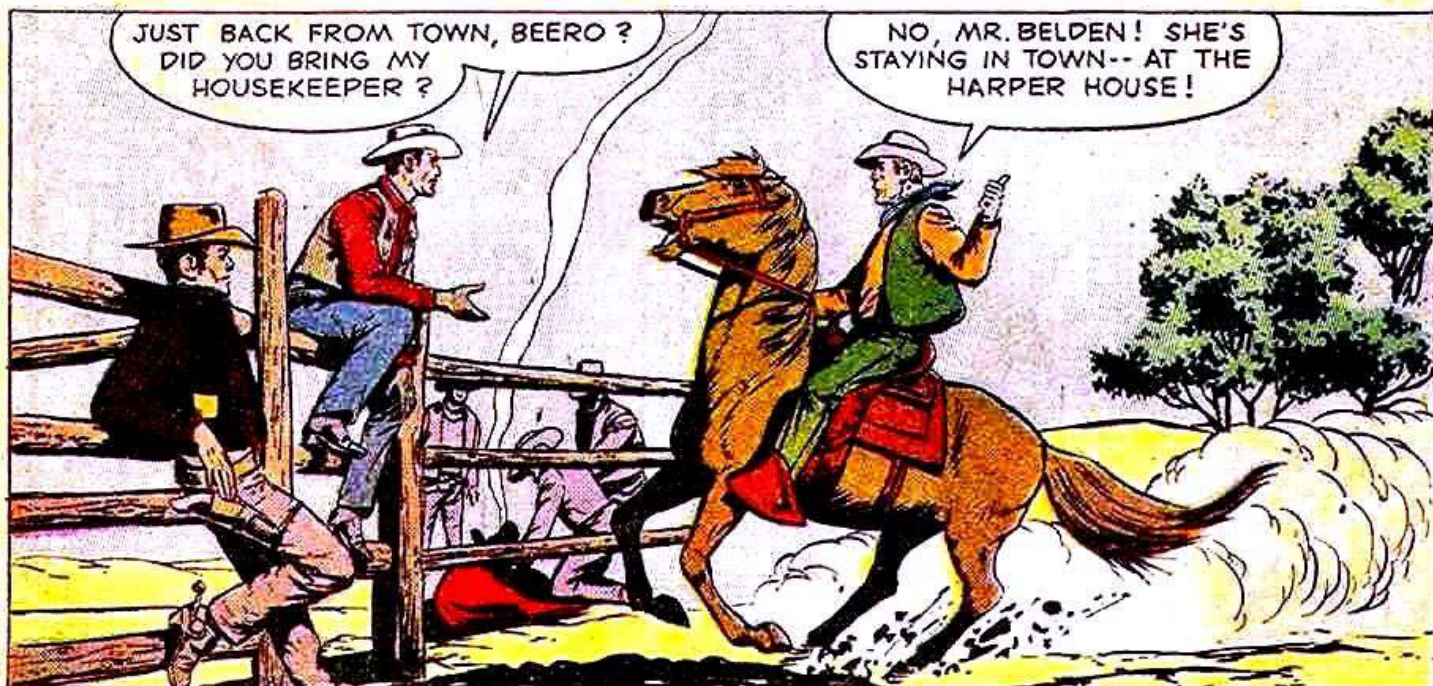
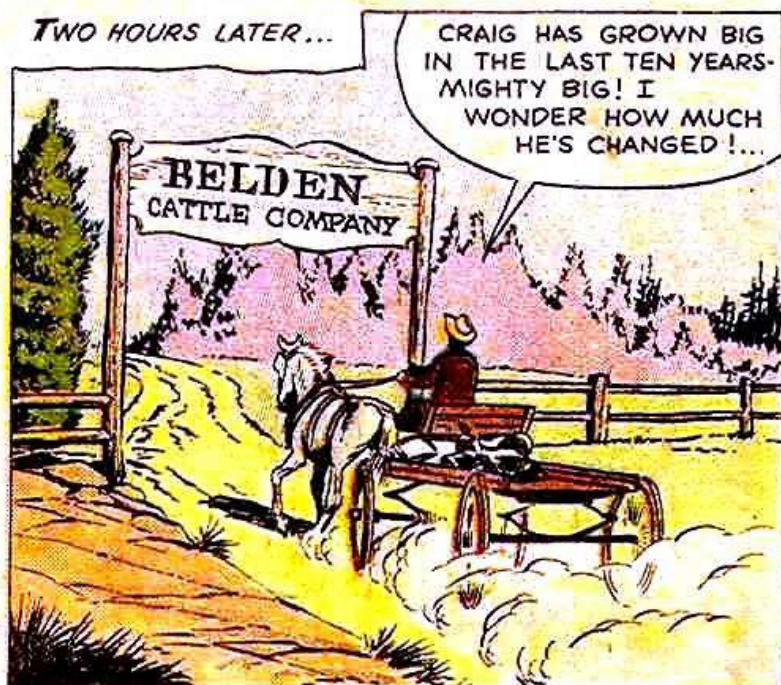
GUN HILL!

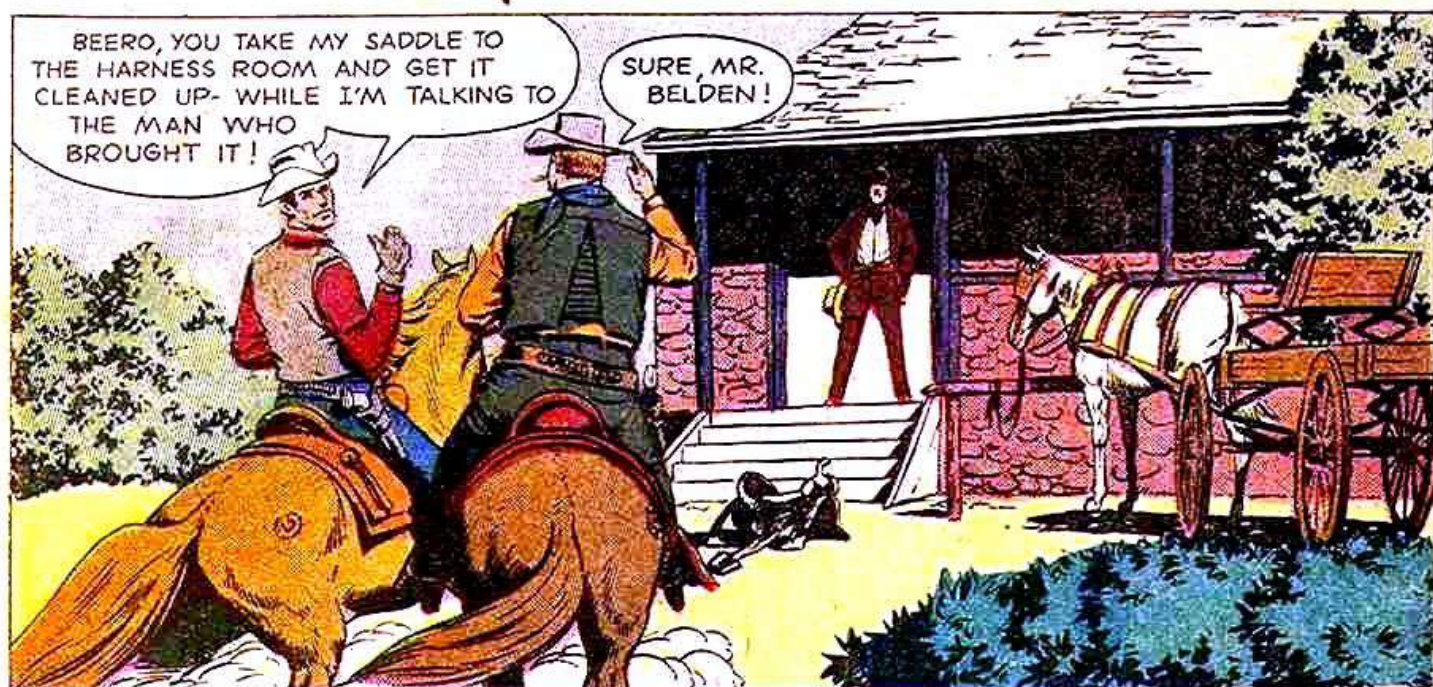


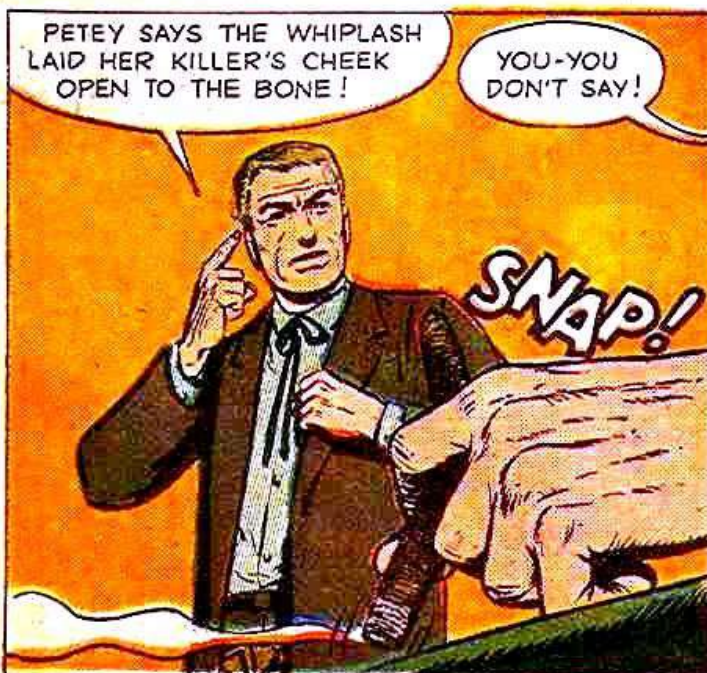
I CAN READ A LOT IN A FACE! YOU'RE MARRIED-- WITH KIDS, PROBABLY...AND RESPONSIBILITIES! WHATEVER IS WAITING FOR YOU--AT GUN HILL--YOU DON'T LIKE IT! AND YOU DON'T FEEL LIKE TALKING--DO YOU?

NO!











MATT, YOU'RE CALLING **MY SON** A LIAR?

WHICH ONE OF THEM HAS THE WHIP MARK? RICK, ISN'T IT? I SEE IT IN YOUR EYES!



MATT! I--UH--DON'T GO OFF THE HANDLE! LEAVE RICK ALONE, AND I-I'LL GIVE YOU THE OTHER ONE-- LEE SMITHERS...

NO DEAL, CRAIG! I WANT **BOTH** OF THEM! THEY'LL GET A FAIR TRIAL!



ALL RIGHT, NOW YOU LISTEN! THIS IS **MY SON** YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! AND YOU'RE NOT GETTING HIM! YOU'RE LEAVING ON THE **LAST TRAIN OUT OF GUN HILL TONIGHT!**

IT LEAVES AT NINE, AND I'LL BE ON IT-- WITH TWO PRISONERS, CRAIG!



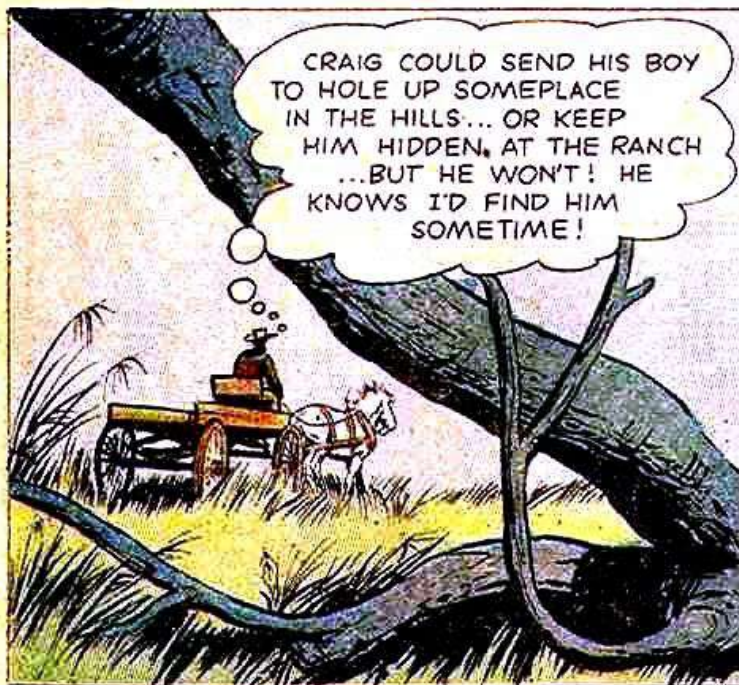
---AND ONE OF MY PRISONERS WILL HAVE A **WHIP CUT** ON HIS FACE! SO LONG, CRAIG! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME!

I'M WARNING YOU! I OWN THIS TOWN-- AND EVERY MAN IN IT! YOU'RE LICKED BEFORE YOU START!

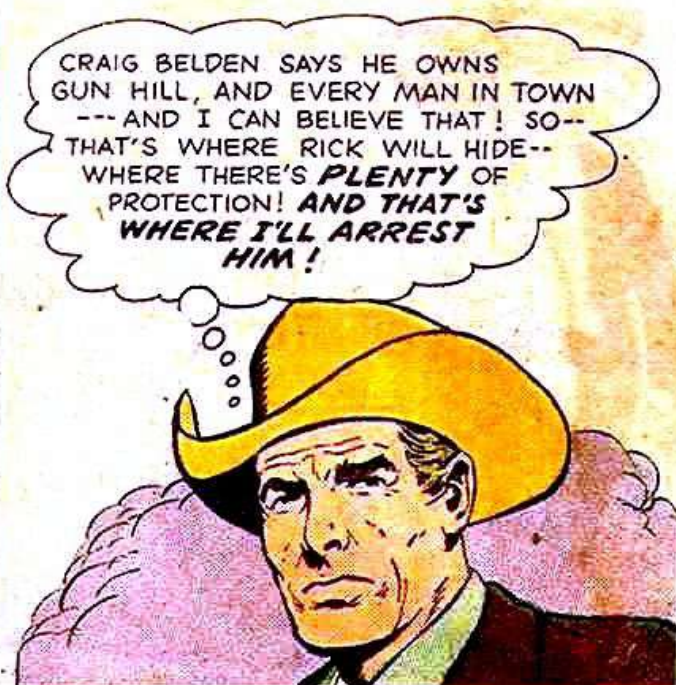


YOU CALLED FOR US, MR. BELDEN?

I DID, BEERO! YOU AND SKAG GET OVER TO THE CORRALS! BRING RICK--AND LEE! NOW!



CRAIG COULD SEND HIS BOY TO HOLE UP SOMEPLACE IN THE HILLS... OR KEEP HIM HIDDEN, AT THE RANCH... BUT HE WON'T! HE KNOWS I'D FIND HIM SOMETIME!



CRAIG BELDEN SAYS HE OWNS GUN HILL, AND EVERY MAN IN TOWN --- AND I CAN BELIEVE THAT! SO--- THAT'S WHERE RICK WILL HIDE-- WHERE THERE'S **PLENTRY** OF PROTECTION! **AND THAT'S WHERE I'LL ARREST HIM!**

GUN HILL, THAT AFTERNOON



I WONDER IF YOU MEN COULD TELL ME WHERE TO FIND RICK BELDEN--OR LEE SMITHERS?

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG TOWN, MARSHAL, AND YOU'RE TALKING TO THE WRONG PEOPLE!

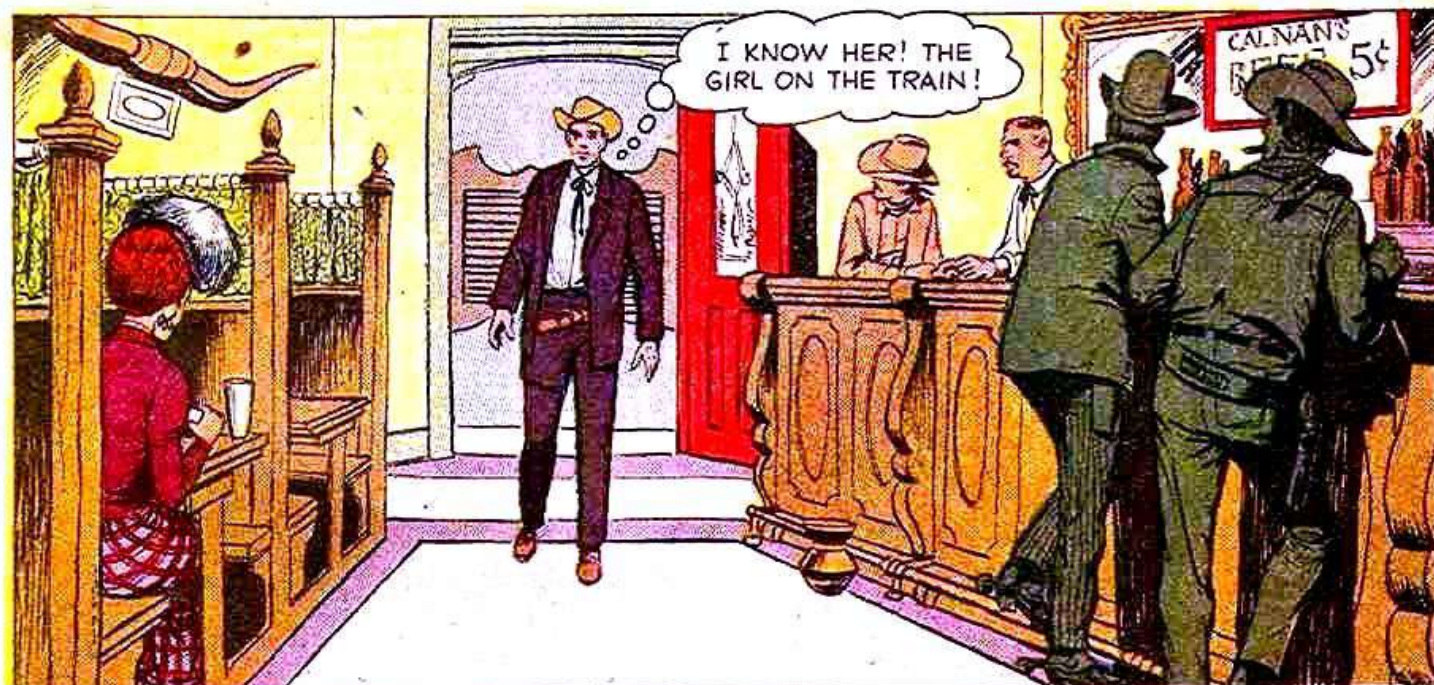
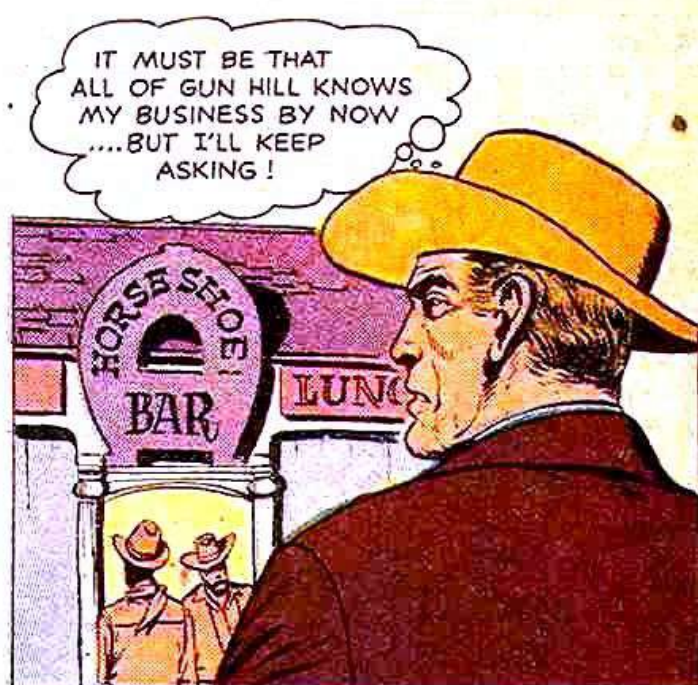
AND THAT'S A FACT!



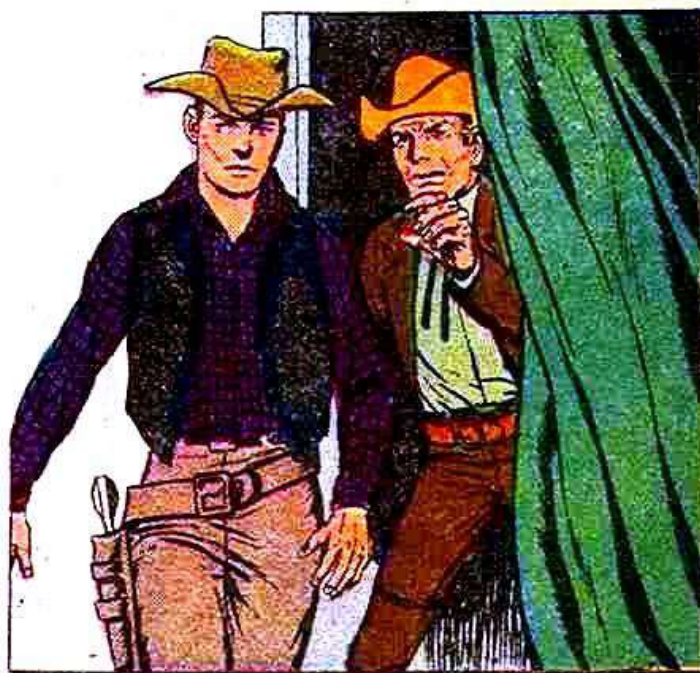
HEAD BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM OR I'LL---

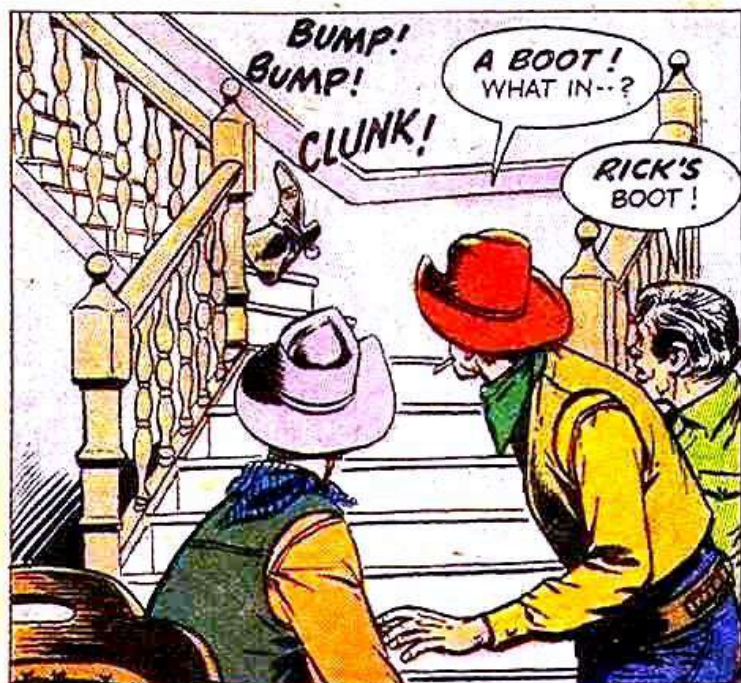


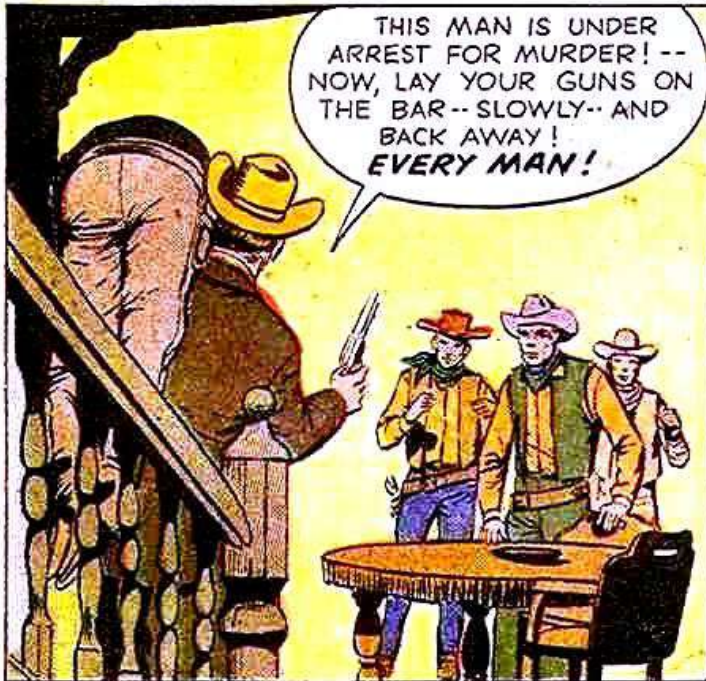
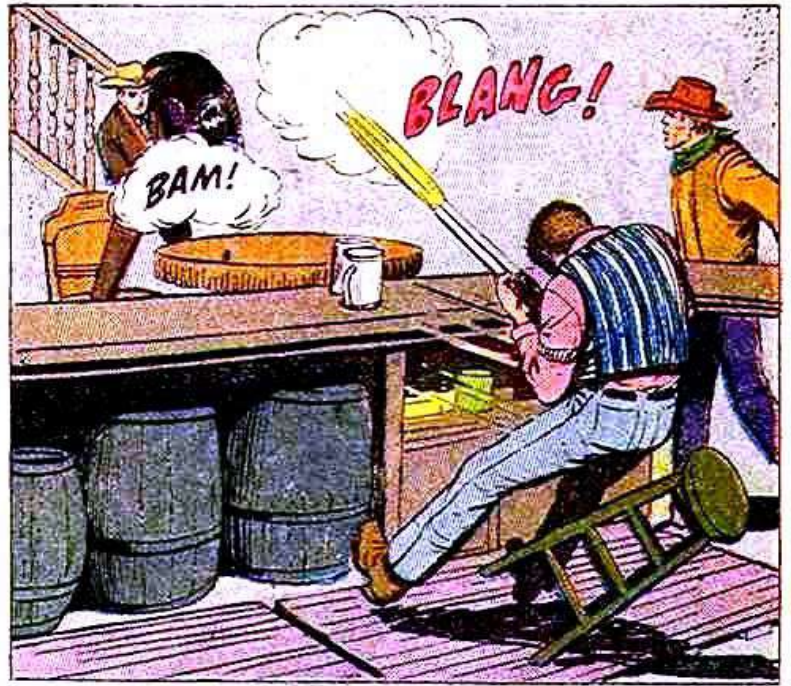
sock!







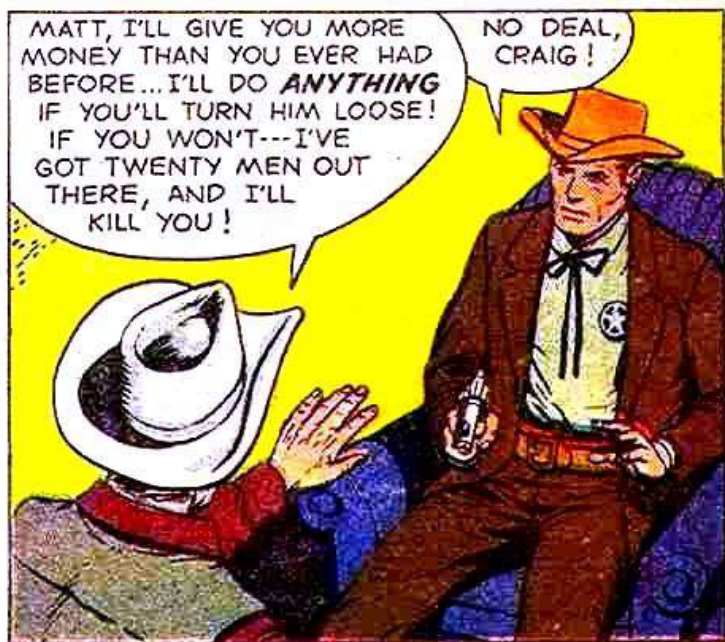
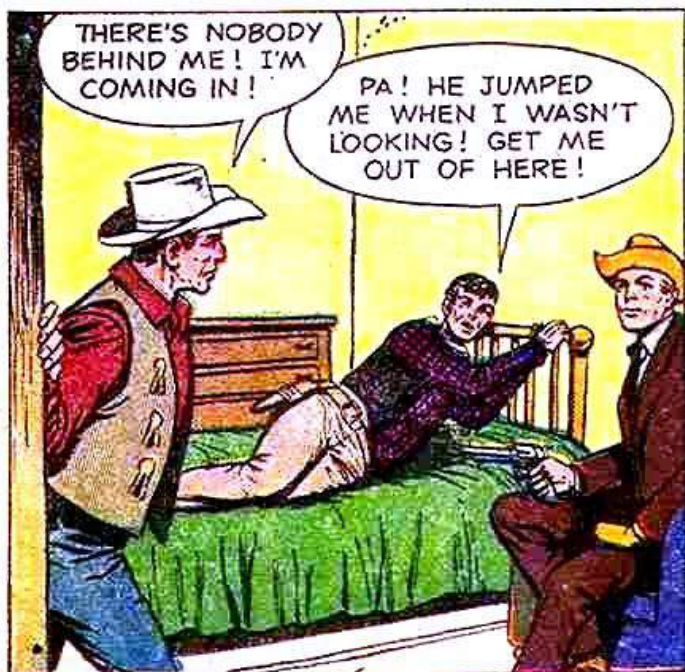
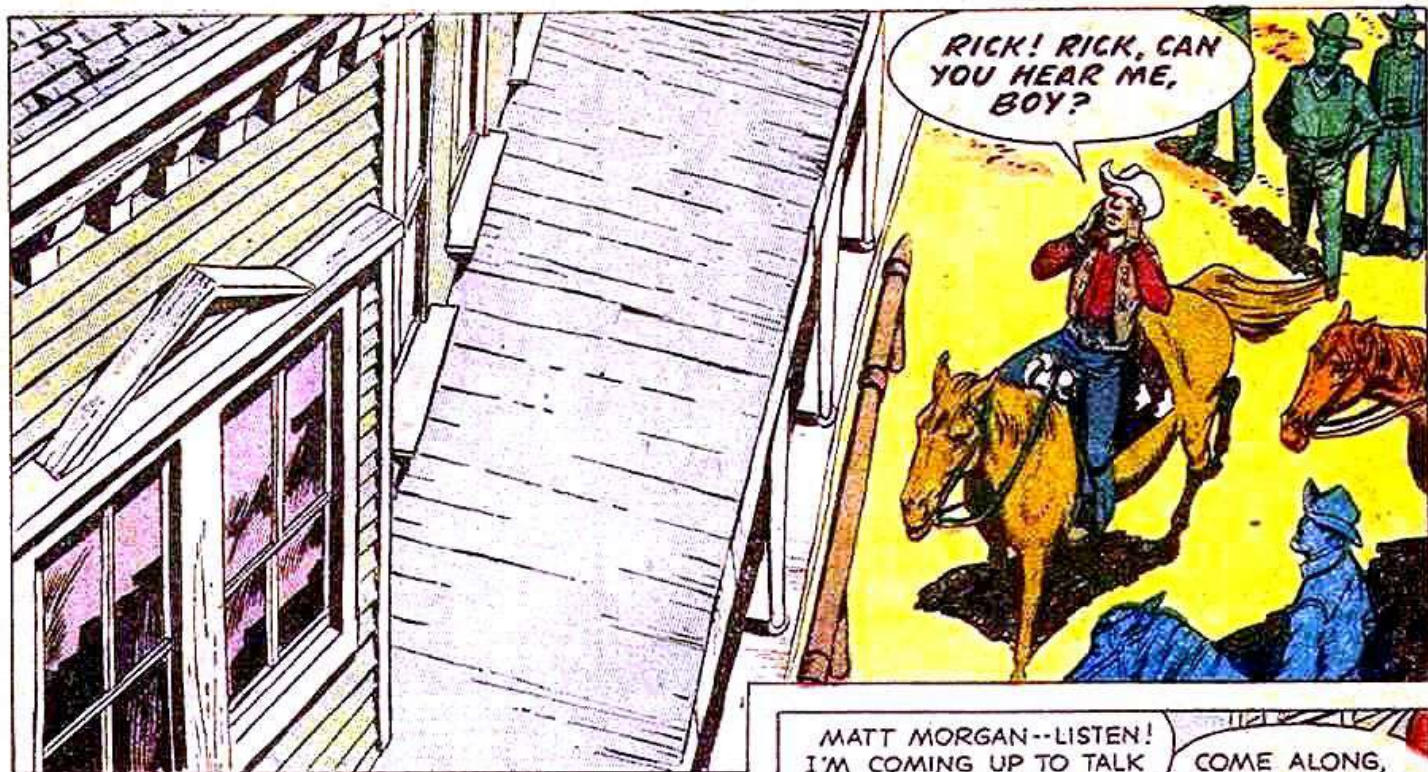






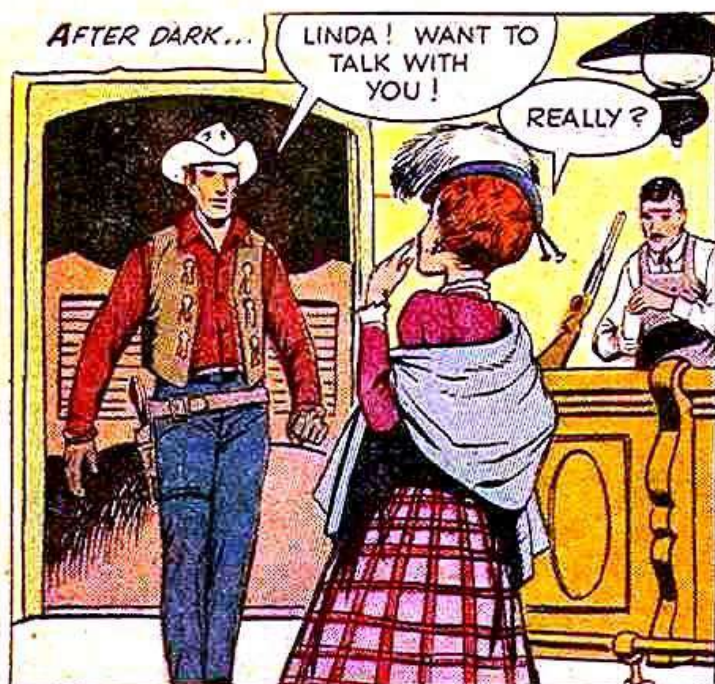
JUST BEFORE SUNDOWN, BELDEN AND HIS RANCH CREW HIT TOWN, WARNED BY TELEPHONE.

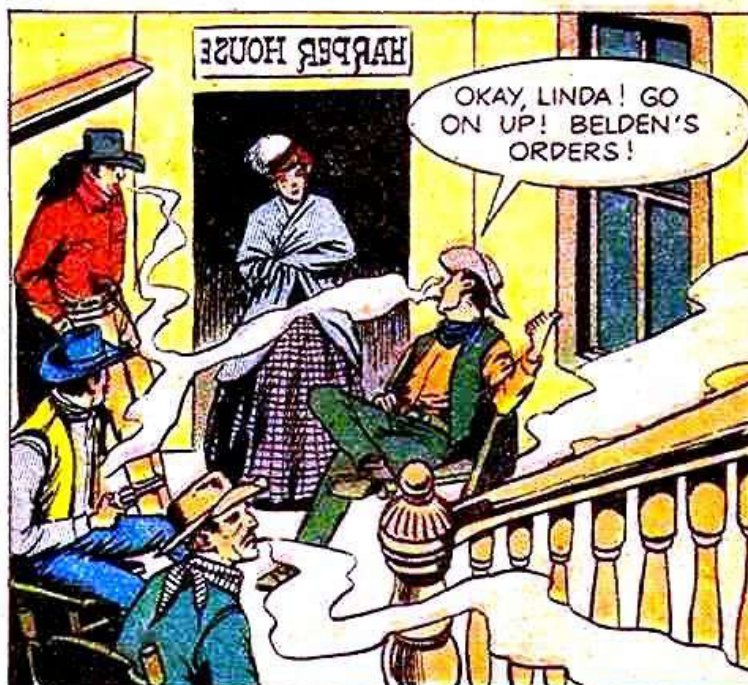












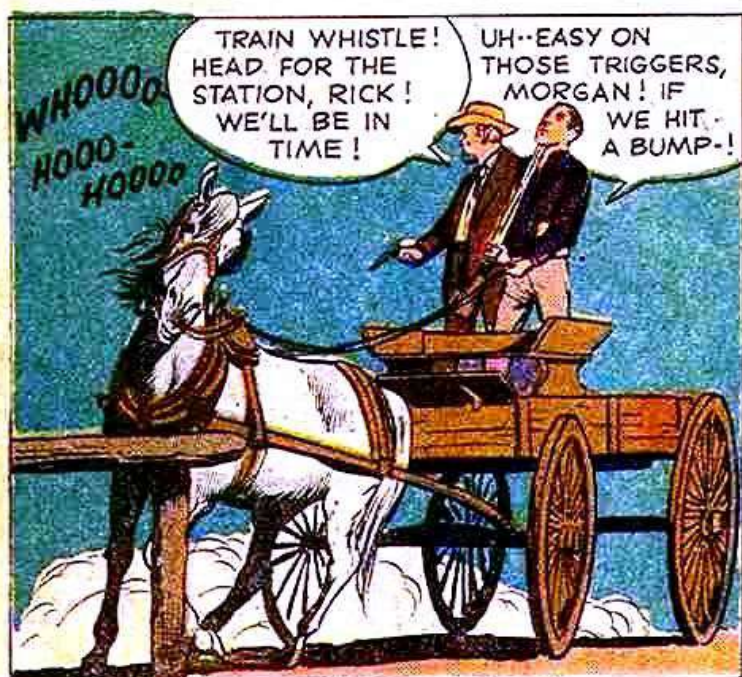






NO SHOOTING---
ANYBODY! THAT GUN
WOULD BLOW RICK'S
HEAD OFF!

WE'RE GETTING INTO
THAT BUCKBOARD, RICK!
YOU'LL DRIVE!



WHOOOO
HOOD-
HOOOO

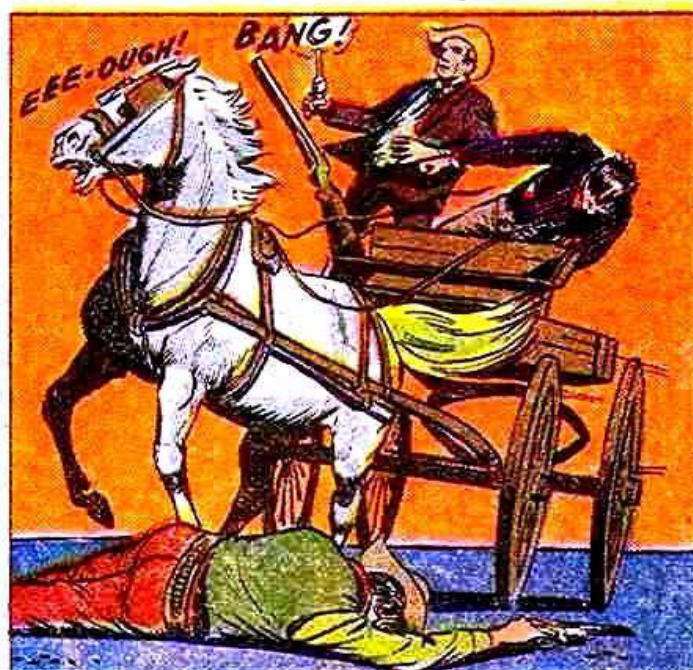
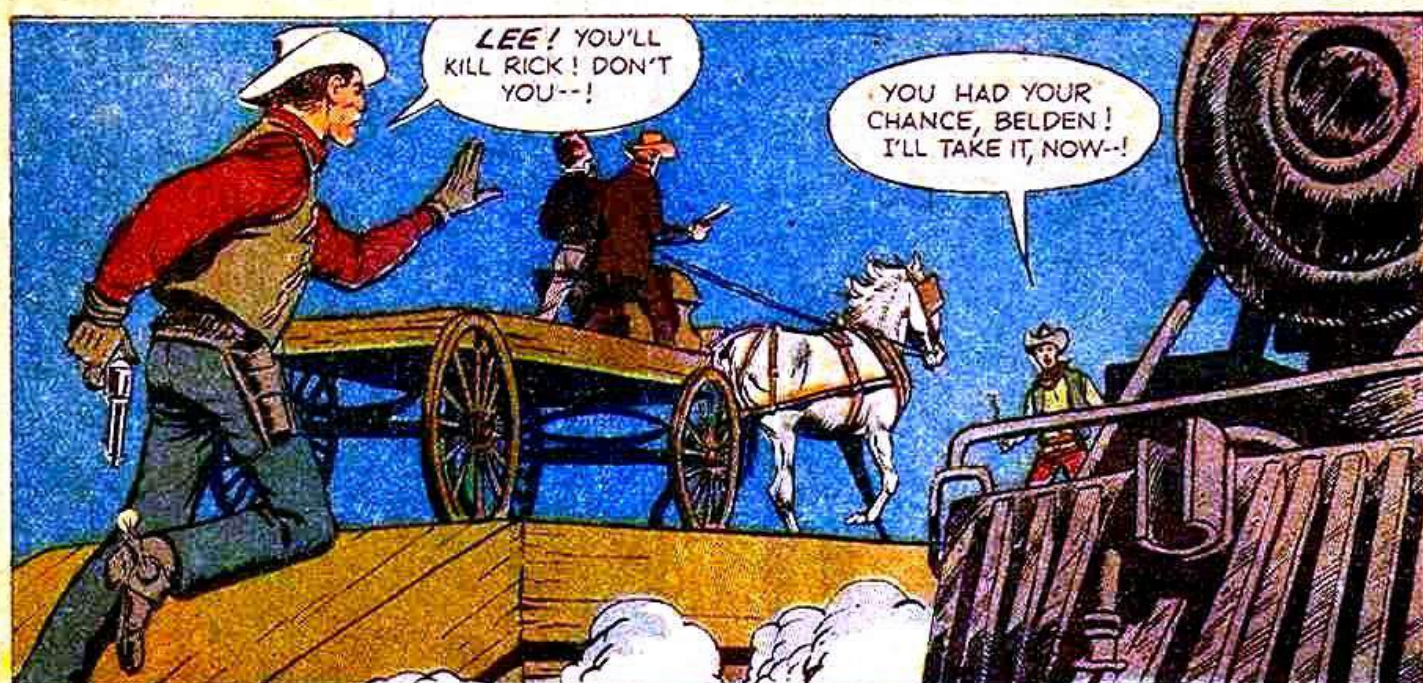
TRAIN WHISTLE!
HEAD FOR THE
STATION, RICK!
WE'LL BE IN
TIME!

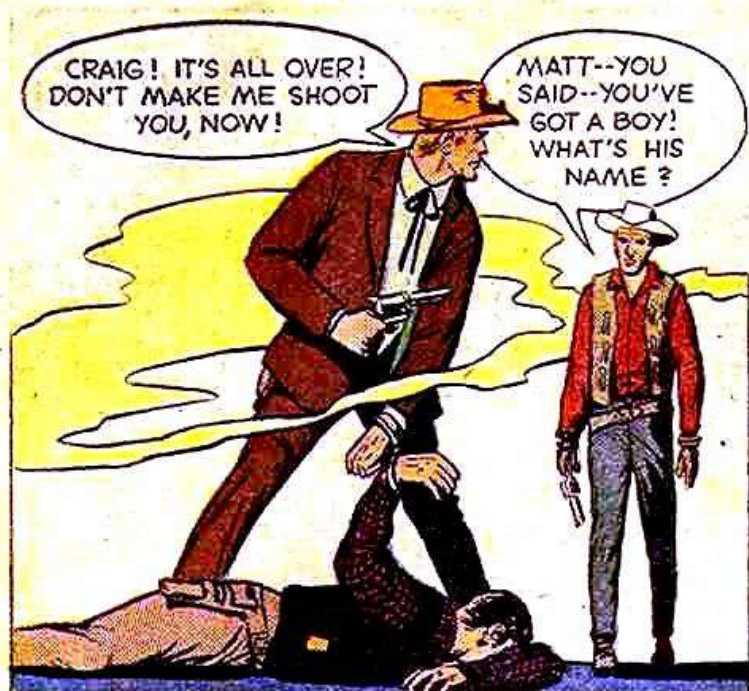
UH--EASY ON
THOSE TRIGGERS,
MORGAN! IF
WE HIT--
A BUMP--!



RAILROAD STATION,
HUH? I'LL MEET
THEM THERE!

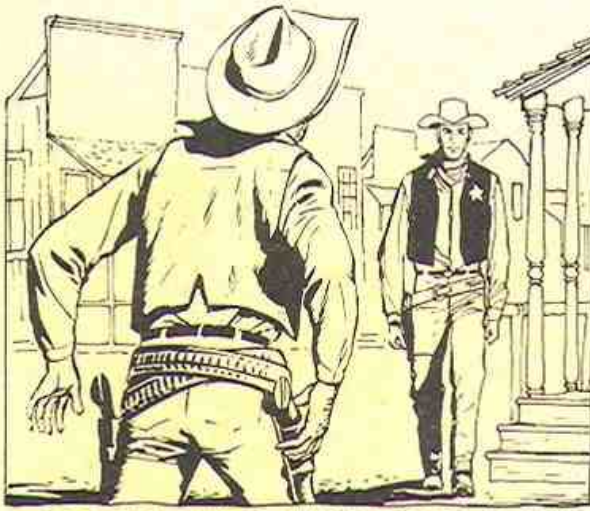






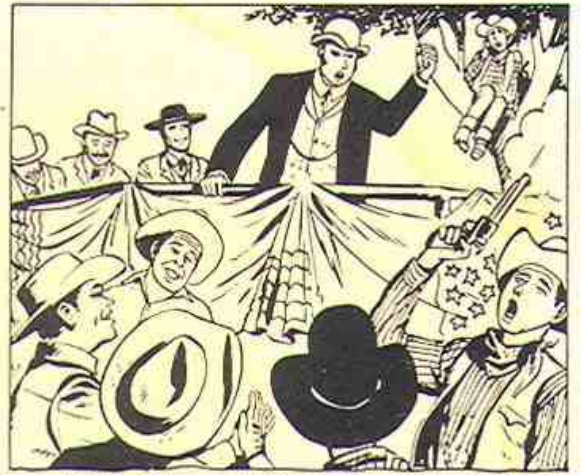
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THE WEST'S IRON MEN

THE EARLY WEST NEVER LACKED A SMALL, COURAGEOUS BAND OF MEN WHO WERE DETERMINED TO UPHOLD LAW AND ORDER, WHATEVER THE ODDS. LAWMEN LIKE WYATT EARP, BAT MASTERSON, PAT GARRETT AND WILD BILL HICKOCK BECAME LEGENDS IN THEIR OWN LIFETIMES.



LIVING FROM ONE DANGEROUS MOMENT TO ANOTHER, LAWMEN SOMETIMES PLAYED PRACTICAL JOSES FOR RELAXATION. WYATT EARP, FOR EXAMPLE, ENJOYED PERSUADING A NERVOUS TENDERFOOT TO ADDRESS A HURRAHING COWBOY AUDIENCE... AND LAUGHED HEARTILY WHEN THE ANGRY STRANGER TOOK THE NEXT TRAIN OUT OF TOWN.



ENFORCING THE LAW FREQUENTLY HAD ITS TRAGIC SIDE. WHEN SHERIFF PAT GARRETT SHOT IT OUT WITH BILLY THE KID, HE REALIZED HE'D NOT ONLY METED OUT JUSTICE TO A KILLER... BUT HAD ALSO TAKEN THE LIFE OF A FRIEND.

WHILE SOME LAWMEN WORE A TIN BADGE AS LONG AS THEY LIVED, OTHERS, LIKE BAT MASTERSON, LEFT THE WEST IN LATER LIFE, AND EMBARKED ON NEW CAREERS IN THE EAST. AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, BAT BECAME A WELL KNOWN FIGURE IN NEW YORK CITY'S SPORTS WORLD.



OTHERS, LIKE WILD BILL HICKOCK DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON. IRONICALLY ENOUGH, WILD BILL'S DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A COWARDLY ASSASSIN CAUSED A POKER COMBINATION OF ACES AND EIGHTS TO BE UNIVERSALLY DESCRIBED AS A 'DEAD MAN'S HAND.'



UNFAMILIAR WITH MODERN CRIME TECHNIQUES, LAWMEN OF THE EARLY WEST NEVERTHELESS MANAGED TO 'GET THEIR MAN.' THEIR DEEDS INSPIRE TODAY'S POLICE WHO REALIZE A STUBBORN COURAGE IS STILL A VITAL PART OF EFFECTIVE LAW ENFORCEMENT.



They gave Marshal
Matt Morgan a choice:
leave town alone or die!

But the Marshal
was determined to take his
prisoner aboard the
evening train and was
ready to pay for
an extra ticket...
in silver or in lead!

